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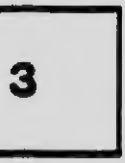

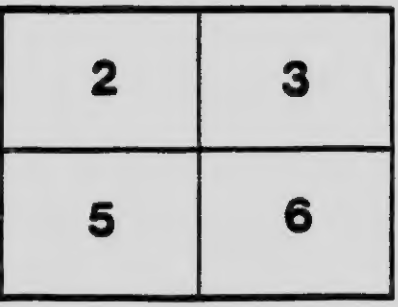

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Alter Ego

A TALE

By Rev. W. W. Walker

Author of "By Northern Lakes," "Sabre Thrusts at Freethought," "Plain Talks on Health and Morals, Part II." and "Occident and Orient."

AUTHOR'S EDITION

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven, by WILLIAM WESLEY WALKER, at the Department of Agriculture

To

Lydia Kirby Walker

the granddaughter of a cultured Frenchman
and the faithful partner of my joys
and sorrows, this volume
is affectionately
dedicated.

THE author is indebted to the great national newspapers of Canada and the United States, the Toronto *Globe* and *Collier's Weekly,* for some facts from the former and some figures from the latter in rounding up the historical part of the story as relating to the conflict in the Far East.

PREFACE

To men who teach and write the oft-recurring question comes, How can we so influence others in heart and intellect as to help them reach a loftier plane of thought and action? As every life has its Gethsemane of sorrow and tragedy, so every life has its morning star of hope and its mainspring of faith.

Our salvation, then, and the lifting up and saving of others is the exercise of that vital principle which has its incarnation in hope. The use of this still further causes the mountains of difficulty that loom portentous in our pathway and tower to the heavens to crumble into mole-hills.

The soul is made optimistic and the life beautified by its possession, while the ear is brought, spiritually speaking, within range of the victorious shout, "More than conquerors!" and the new song, the song of Moses and the Lamb.

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ALTER EGO

CHAPTER I.

THE APPOINTMENT.

In the uplands of Canada was an attractive church with a spire that pointed longing souls to the skies, and the pastor of which had finished his course with joy and was now joining in the hallelujah choruses of the upper sanctuary. The authorities of the denomination to which the church belonged appointed a man to its pulpit who was progressive and independent, as well as being very broad-minded. The necessity for this lay in the fact that the population of the place represented nearly all the languages and creeds to be found in the Dominion, and consequently if a man of narrow views were appointed he would soon make shipwreck of everything.

The new minister, as well as being broad and advanced, was very honorable, and would not in any way infringe upon the rights of others; but as Mount Zion was the only church in the place, he was perfectly safe from any charge of meanness, in the form of coaxing sheep away from a brother's fold. The first Sunday came upon which the Rev. Thomas Melvin was to occupy his new pulpit, and an immense congregation filled every part of the edifice. The text was from the Saviour's words, "Feed my sheep," and the preacher had not gone far when his attentive hearers discovered that he was a man of great intellect and unusual power as a speaker, and they were swayed as corn-stalks in a tempest as he reasoned of the Saviour's place in the world, and of His work, and also of man's obligations to Him, as well as to his fellows.

All through the week this first fearless and powerful sermon was the talk of all who had heard it. Some, however, did not like it, as telling them of their duty caused indigestion, while others were delighted, as they loved a man who shunned

not to declare all counsel, whether pleasing or displeasing. The next Sabbath disclosed the fact that Mr. Melvin was no plug either, as he said things outside the scope of the Bible and over the boundary line of prescribed theology. One old gentleman who occupied a front seat in the church, and who was of portly mould and genial disposition, and whose dinners were really of more account in his estimation than anything else, forgot said feasts for a period sufficiently long to say: "My songs! I wonder what that new preacher means, anyway!"

Next day our friend, who was dean of the dinner-table faculty, called on his new pastor and said, after being asked how he liked the sermon on Sunday: "My songs! You said things that my bloomin' brain could 'ardly hunderstand." To tell the truth, Mr. Melvin was something of a statesman as well as a preacher, and with narrow bigots soon became as much hated as he was beloved by the broad and liberal minded. The bigots, however, soon ceased to be. Although those classing themselves as belonging to other de-

nominations were in no case strong enough to form societies, yet they remained loyal to what they claimed allegiance to, but this did not hinder them from frequently hearing Mr. Melvin, who was delighted to see his countrymen, who in some cases spoke the mellow, musical tongue of France, that land of art, science, and literature, and military power. As his congregation was so cosmopolitan and contained representatives of every leading denomination, the pastor of Mount Zion preached the doctrines of the Bible in their broadest sense, and showed their most comprehensive meaning.

Everyone who heard Mount Zion's rector, or pastor, noticed that he was perfectly fearless in depicting the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and having found out that a certain prominent man in the place was very vile in his morals, and had ruined many young lives, and was in the habit of running the rig on good people, and who also was most un-Canadian in his ways, he openly rebuked him for his evil deeds and for not restraining his family.

Of course, this exasperated the man, and for a long time he was a persistent enemy of Mount Zion's pastor, but he was yet to find out that the servant of the Galilean would conquer. His sympathies were all of the Mother Goose type, as is the case with most evil men, whose stamina is so exhausted in sinning that they lack the courage to stand alone, and never dare to be Daniels, above everything heeding God's command.

As Rev. Mr. Melvin was the only resident ordained man in the place, he had a great many marriages. Indeed, all the marriages—or rather, marriage ceremonies—were performed by himself and the Rev. Father Trenton, of the Catholic Church, who came occasionally from a neighboring parish to minister to people of his own faith.

Mr. Melvin, after meeting Father Trenton two or three times, decided that he was a man of fine principle and real moral worth, also a strong advocate for total abstinence from cigarettes and strong drink, believing, as a man of culture and science, that the effect of both

was pernicious and poisonous, and that on that ground they were to be avoided. The reverend father was a most companionable man, and, as Mr. Melvin said, was a jolly good fellow. He was soon invited to the manse for tea, where a most enjoyable time was spent, and where many a good story was told. There soon came an invitation to Mr. Melvin from Father Trenton to visit him at his home in the next town. The invitation was promptly accepted, and another happy evening whiled away. It was inspiring to all languages and creeds to see the warm and hearty cordiality of feeling that existed between these two broad and liberal-minded men, which taught the world that the elevation of the human race lay not in such senseless antagonisms as existed among our bigoted and foolish ancestors, but in the exercise of a spirit not only of toleration, but of good-fellowship and love.

Some very amusing incidents occurred during the performance of the marriage ceremony. One man, who had previously been received into the Church,

and who was asked the question, "Will you renounce the world, the flesh and the evil one?" the answer of which was, "I renounce them all," was asked, "Will you have this woman to be your wedded wife, for better, for worse, in sickness and health, till death you do part?" and in his excitement, having the membership reception in mind, he said, "I renounce them all." On another occasion, while a couple were being yoked together, the groomsman suddenly leaned over and saluted the bride instead of the groom, to the infinite amusement of all present, and causing the face of the latter to take on a crimson hue.

CHAPTER II.

MR. MELVIN'S MARRIAGE AND TEACHINGS.

It was rumored for some time that the minister of Mount Zion, or the incumbent, or pastor, or whatever you desire to call him, was in the habit of visiting a certain young lady in a distant town. Now there were many fine young ladies belonging to the tabernacle, but as distance seemed to lend merit and attractiveness, its spiritual head found his choice elsewhere. Although not a graduate, Miss Spencer was a well-read young lady of refined instincts and excellent character; she had taught school for some time, and was of French ancestry. In commenting afterward upon his choice, Mr. Melvin said that as a Canadian he saw that one of the most important steps in nation building was to unify, as far as possible, the

different races and creeds in this country, and he was one of those who were setting the pace.

When Mrs. Melvin was brought home, after a very interesting ceremony at the Spencer homestead, the people were charmed with her and the tabernacle congregation gave her a splendid reception.

The minister's wife in every way justified the good opinion formed of her at first sight. She was a quiet, unobtrusive Christian, with a sympathetic nature, which soon brought her in touch with the poor and afflicted in the community. Many a basket prepared by her own hand found its way into the homes of want, and many a visit was made which comforted and cheered the anguished sufferer, and which tended to turn the hour of sorrow into one of joy. Mrs. Melvin proved herself an angel of mercy Carsville, and frequently relieved her husband by taking charge of a service of praise, or by preaching a sermon in connection with the Sabbath service. Her work as a teacher had made her a fluent, impressive

and logical speaker, who was always acceptable to the people.

Mr. Melvin now saw that the time was ripe for moulding public opinion along not only spiritual but national lines, and he did not even consult the politicians concerning the matter, but as a teacher applied himself resolutely to the task.

The very first Sunday after bringing his bride from her somewhat distant home the pastor of Mount Zion Tabernacle preached on sin, and said the individual must come out from among his sinful associates in renunciation thereof, and dare to be singular, or there is little hope. As it is with individuals, so with nations. The people who in a national sense associate with a country, to the extent of forming a part of it, that reeks with drunkenness and licentiousness will assuredly, if they do not come out from it, share its ruin, which is sure and certain as the fact that God rules and reigns.

The following Sunday Mr. Melvin preached on the character and attributes of Christ, saying that He did not rule or reign among men in an imperial sense,

seated upon a kingly throne in such splendor that only a chosen few could approach Him, but in a thoroughly democratic manner, to whom the rich and poor, the learned and unlearned, all alike could come, to find in Him a Saviour, Brother, Friend and merciful High Priest, one who was touched with a feeling of human infirmity, and who always entered into sympathy with humankind.

The third Sunday the subject was religion, the preacher asking if it was a creed, or a bundle of doctrinal standards, if it was Calvinism or Arminianism, Brahminism or Buddhism, Confucianism or Zoroastrianism, or the cheering of narrow-minded bigots for sixteenth century ideas.

The man who with Pauline fearlessness asked these questions also himself answered them, saying it is none of these, but it is to be so filled with the loving Christ spirit as to visit the sick and fatherless in their affliction, and keep unspotted from the world, to manifest the Christ spirit in all life's relationships, which spirit was one of broadest charity and love.

After those three momentous sermons the minister, to stimulate his young people in a way that would lead to energetic action along the line of acquiring knowledge, preached a sermon on the subject of education. He told his hearers not to be afraid to read scientific and philosophical as well as historical literature, and do not become nervous, he said, if many of your old cherished ideas are proven to have had for their foundation the ever-shifting sand.

If research proves that man has been on this earth 2,000,000 of years instead of 6,000, as formerly taught, do not be afraid to accept it, for it is in perfect harmony with the teachings of God's own revelation, and infinitely more correct than the antiquated teaching of the past, according to the most eminent authority in the world. If in former times it was taught that the atmosphere was forty-five miles high, who now would continue to adhere to such a belief, when with their own eyes they can see meteoric stones burst into flame one hundred miles from the earth, thus proving the atmosphere

to be considerably more than that height, as in order to become so heated as to glow it must collide with atmospheric particles for many miles. The same may be said of history, study it in every phase, turn on the side lights, and you will find that in many cases it is very different to what you have always been taught. The immense congregation which thronged the tabernacle were now beginning to find out that their former teachers were of the antediluvian school, but that a man with enlightened mind and scholarship so acute that it could not be measured by academic degrees had come among them. This progressive and advanced teacher, however, warned them that in the midst of all their advancement they would find that Israel's God was their God, and that they would have to obey Him, and live clean, faithful, fruitful lives, so as to one day hear the "Well done," and enter into the Master's joy.

CHAPTER III.

SECRETARY-TREASURER THOMPSON'S DEATH—A SURPRISE FROM THE FAR-OFF EAST.

THE most pious and trusted of all the tabernacle officials was John Thompson, who, though not handsome in the outer man, was in soul beautiful. Indeed, his homeliness was at one time the subject of a good joke, when an old friend of Mr. Melvin's, who was a noted scientist, in visiting him, attended a Sabbath service, and seeing him (that is, Mr. Thompson), said to a bystander: "I have long sought for the missing link to establish the development theory, but the last place I ever expected to find it was in Mount Zion Tabernacle, and yet there it is!"

In spite of jests, however, the secretary-treasurer had the qualities of mind and heart which go to make the true man, and when word was borne to his pastor

that he was seriously ill, Mr. Melvin lost no time in reaching his couch. The first question he asked was, "Are you suffering much, Brother Thompson, who, in reply, said: "I am suffering great bodily pain, but though heart and flesh fail I am trusting in the living God." The fifteen minutes that followed were too sacred to record, and when the minister left the sick man's chamber it was noticed that his face looked as if he had been treading on the borderland of Paradise. Next day, as our clerical friend was entering the home of his afflicted official, he met the medical doctor who had been in attendance, and asked him if there was any hope for his friend. The doctor said that if his trouble had been attended to in time his life would have been saved, but now no power on earth could do more than prolong it for a few days. Mr. Melvin saw that what the man of skill said was correct, as he had frequently noticed that Mr. Thompson was in poor health, if appearances went for anything, and altogether he was so busied with his duties and deeds of charity that he neglected

himself until there was no chance for medical science to give him, as it would have done under Providence, if consulted in time, years of usefulness. Next time the pastor visited his dying parishioner, he received some good advice from one who was not nearly so learned as himself. Said he: "If your sermons possessed the spirituality which they do philosophy and common-sense, the congregation would soon receive a great spiritual uplift." Mr. Melvin was a very sane man, and heeded not the rebuke except to profit by it. Indeed, it was a marked compliment to him that his teaching was endorsed by the best man in his congregation while on the verge of the heavenly kingdom.

Next day the minister called again to see his faithful officer, and on inquiry found that his hopes still rested upon his Saviour's blood and righteousness, and in the conversation which followed Mr. Thompson said: "How little in this hour do stocks, bonds and mortgages, houses and lands, trouble one. The only house of which I can now think is the one to

which I have a clear title through a loving Saviour's sacrificial death, and it has not been formed by human hands, for its builder and founder is God." As Mr. Melvin bade farewell to his friend on this occasion, he saw that he was steadily sinking, and would soon be in the house of many mansions. About two o'clock next morning the door-bell at the parsonage was so vigorously rung that everybody was awakened, and a message was handed in, asking the pastor to go, if possible, at once to Mr. Thompson's, as he was just dying.

Mr. Melvin dressed quickly and passed out into the darkness of the night, soon arriving at the home of the dying man. One glance showed that the sands had almost run out, but upon his feeling the hand-clasp, the sick man revived for a time and said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God has in store for those that love Him." After uttering these words he seemed to be exhausted, and sank down deeper into his pillow. Mr. Melvin watched him, and

after a time saw his lips move, and placing his ear close to them, caught the words, "Home at last, home at last." Then the lips ceased to move, and all could see that the ransomed spirit of the redeemed man had passed beyond the river.

The people of Carsville and of the world had now an evidence that character and true worth could not be measured by outward appearance. During the hours that the body of the sainted Thompson lay in state and was deposited in God's acre the flags were flying at half-mast, and every business place was closed. In spite of unattractive exterior the people of all languages and creeds in the place recognized the fact that a broad-minded man, full of loving sympathy for all classes and creeds, was not dead, but had been translated.

Mr. Melvin always looked with a certain measure of suspicion upon holiness people, believing that there was more hypocrisy than sanity in all that sort of thing, and called to mind the case of Sambo who professed it, and when asked

by his good old-fashioned class-leader, who knew his weakness, if he had during the past week stolen any ducks, said, "No, massa." "Any geese?" "No, massa." "Any turkeys?" "No, massa." "Bless the Lord, Sambo, you are on your happy way to heaven." As the leader passed on to admonish the next, Sambo turned to his neighbor and whispered: "If massa had said chickens he had me; I was at de roosts of Widder Simpkins last week."

Mr. Thompson had, however, never professed it, but his life gave evidence that he possessed it, and his pastor thought it wise never to mention that much misunderstood word "holiness" again.

Shortly after the burial of the secretary-treasurer there came to Carsville a straight military-looking young man with an indifferent air, who procured employment at the foundry, and whom the minister noticed in the congregation, intercepting him at the close of the service to find out who he was and to welcome him. The person was Leonard Devoan, who had returned from Manchuria, where he

had fought in the Russian army at Port Arthur and Mukden, escaping from the former to the latter disguised as a Chinaman, where he took part in the world's greatest battle. Mr. Devoau said that he was born at Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, and always loved adventure, and it was this love that led him to enlist in the Russian army, and pass through the frightful scenes at the above places.

Mr. Melvin was much impressed by the bearing of the young stranger who had returned from Manchuria so recently, and invited him to the parsonage so that they might get better acquainted. During the course of the evening he asked his guest if he was fond of soldiering, and in reply was told that when he left Canada he was in love with the idea, and even after the awful experiences of Port Arthur, where he was often for hours together in a perfect hell of fire, he thought he would love a fair fight in the open, and accordingly broke for Mukden. He told the minister, however, that this great battle, including the retreat, was even worse than the siege, as in the former large bodies of them had

frequently to face about and charge with the bayonet to press back the hordes of Japanese who were continually driving in upon them.

Mr. Devoau said: "When you think of the fact that we could never meet our enemies when we were not outnumbered from two to three to every one of our own men, you will concede that we never had a fair chance, but put them man to man and they could never withstand the Russians in a bayonet charge. The disparity in numbers is very evident from the fact that the Russians had only 300,000 infantry and 26,700 cavalry at Mukden, while opposed to this was a force of 650,000 men, or, for all practical purposes, just double the number. We fought them for nineteen days along a front one hundred miles in length, and were only then defeated by an accident, bringing off 1,300 guns out of 1,360, and a larger quantity of baggage, marching into headquarters, as the corps of General Linevitch actually did, with banners flying and bands playing as if they were just fresh from the parade ground. Marshal

Oyama may go down in history as a great strategist, but in my humble judgment General Kuropatkin is greater. The general knew full well that if he had one more army corps he could have cut in two the long drawn out flanking force of his antagonist, crumpled it up, and turned their victory into a disastrous and decisive defeat. As it was, at the close of the war General Linevitch confronted the enemy with 1,000,000 men in arms, and they, unwilling to try conclusions when there was man for man, made a peace favorable to Russia on the whole. As corroboration of this I give you the word of the foreign military attaches to the Russian army."

As Mr. Melvin did not in his own home consider it in very good form to inquire into the past history of Mr. Devoan, he soon visited him at his lodgings and asked him concerning his life. He said, in answer to the question, that he had been brought up by Christian parents, who held that any deviation from the path of moral rectitude was an awful thing, and consequently he himself had never gotten

astray morally; his besetting sin, he said, was a love for wild adventure by flood or field, and he was now perfectly satisfied and desired no more of that kind of thing. He had foolishly thought that there was much glory in war, but after seeing its hydraheaded hideousness, and himself testing its fearful hardships, he was prepared to denounce it as anti-Christian and barbarous, except in a defensive sense. Also concerning his education he had helped different members of his father's family in their studies, and had thus been prevented from entering upon a university course, though he had undergraduate standing.

The pastor of the tabernacle said he was surprised that with his standing he should enter a foundry, and work his way just as one would who had no earlier advantages, but the reply was a very rational one, for he said he and his brother had decided that when they had mastered every detail of the business, and had saved sufficient money to warrant it, they would start a foundry of their own. "While in the Russian army," he con-

tinued, " I discovered that the prospect for iron founders was brighter than for most classes."

The minister now asked his new friend if he would like to join the tabernacle, and at the same time gave him a hearty invitation, but he said he could not conscientiously join, but would attend the services. Mr. Melvin said, " Now I am not a bigot, and do not insist on every one doing as I do, and being what I am. How would you like to simply become a member of our Young People's Society, where we would help you and you could help us?" " I will do that," said Mr. Devoau.

The new acquisition to the Debating Club of Mount Zion Tabernacle proved a great drawing card, as it was well known at the foundry and all around that he possessed a fine moral character and could always be relied upon. Before asking him to connect himself with the society the minister had not only talked to him personally, but had also written to Ottawa, and asked concerning his past life, and found that he had told the truth, and

that, as he himself said, "The worst things he had ever done, and that only since entering the army, was to smoke a cigar and play a game of cards without stakes."

The pastor and his officials, however, were soon to receive a rebuke when Mr. Devoan told them, after they had been praising him for his clean life, that if they had more of the loving Christ spirit instead of lauding him they would be out into the lanes and alleys, into the highways and byways, gathering in the lost and sinful rather than those who had always been moral. "It seems to me," he said, "the Church is more needed to foster and guide those who have had their garments stained with sin than those who without any credit to themselves, but to the instruction and coercion of puritanical parents, always kept themselves clean."

Mr. Melvin was so struck with the fact that the young man who had rebuked them possessed true worth that he invited him to relate his experiences during the war in an address, when the whole evening would be given up to him, and on which the tabernacle doors would be

thrown open to the public. The invitation was accepted, the young ex-soldier announcing his intention of relating some of the incidents in connection with the storming of 203 Metre Hill, of which he was one of the defenders, and the assaults on the entrenchments at Mukden.

CHAPTER IV.

203 METRE HILL AND MUKDEN.

BEFORE a crowded audience and under the auspices of the Young People's Club, Mr. Devoau said: "Now, before I launch right out into a description of battle charges, ladies and gentlemen, I want you to understand that I feel so humble and modest in this matter that I believe if I had never seen Port Arthur the defence would have been just as stubborn, and if I had not been in the advanced works at Mukden the battle would have lasted nineteen days all the same, and the army of the Czar would have been saved. Nothing worthy of notice occurred during my long voyage from Montreal; at least everything was so tame in the shape of the railway trip from Ottawa to the above-mentioned place, and the tossing upon the waters of the mighty deep until a block-

ade runner landed me at the seat of war, to what followed afterwards that I will not weary you to-night by relating it.

"When I arrived at headquarters General Stoessel did not require my services, as Russians only were preferred, but I pleaded so hard with him through an interpreter, and told him I had come all the way from Canada, and was just spoiling for a fight, telling him at the same time if he desired to know more about me to send a cable message to their consul at Ottawa. This seemed to satisfy the general, and he at last assigned me to the Prebensky Regiment of sharpshooters that held 203, after testing me with a rifle. I soon got well acquainted with my comrades, and a jollier lot of fellows never lived, who had no end of fun at the expense of the little niggers, as they termed the Japanese. Our fun, however, was shortlived, for one day the hills opposite our position burst into flame as though struck by lightning, and 203 Metre spurted flame, and boiled like a cauldron from a succession of fearful explosions, as shells alighted upon it. Our

colonel signalled us to lie close. Every little while a gun would be tossed clean into the air by the explosion of an eleven-inch shell, and sometimes a whole squad of men would be literally torn to pieces, legs, arms and fragments of flesh flying in all directions. This pounding made us dreadful angry, a number of the men swearing fluently, even the grey-haired colonel, I was told, made some unmentionable remarks, and I, who had never sworn in my life, made some very sarcastic references to the proceeding.

"Those horrible eleven-inch shells made bomb-proofs and covered works of all kinds very little more secure than the open. Many men were struck down around me, some of them horribly mangled, and portions of the works literally smashed to splinters, but such is war, and some call it glory.

"After this fearful hammering had gone on for a time with hell reigning all around, as suddenly as it started the appalling din ceased, and nothing could be heard but the piteous moaning of men who were so horribly mangled, many of

them, that if their own mothers were present, they could not recognize them. During the awful bombardment, just as we had expected, the enemy, who had made considerable progress under cover of the night, had advanced right to the foot of the hill. Hitherto we could see nothing, as not a soldier was in sight, and all that we could do was to pound the naked hillside, but now the little brown squads, in twenties, began rushing across the fire zone, and it appeared as if they were reserves coming up to reinforce the men at the base of the hill.

"Our blood was up after the abuse we had received, and we pounded them with big guns, pom-poms, Maxims and rifles, but still they came, and quickly forming, marched up the valley of the shadow of death until a shrill whistle rang out, when they turned square toward our position, another whistle and they doubled files, and came on with splendid precision. Their colonel, a grey-haired veteran, stood on a spur, and heedless of shrieking missiles, had only one thought, and that was of 203. It is true the hill

had been assaulted before, while it is equally true that the enemy had been beaten back with frightful carnage. Now, however, something seemed to say that the end was near, as old Teleda, the veteran of twenty-seven engagements, stood as if on parade, directing the attack. His men sank to mother earth singly and in mangled heaps, but he had no eye for their dead or ear for the moaning of their wounded; 203 was the game, and anything smaller, such as noting the mutilated forms upon the blood-drenched sands in the valley, was beneath contempt. A battery of six guns came up to the foot of the hill at a gallop, the gunners setting them at an angle of many degrees, so as to rake our works, but though they concealed themselves as best they could, our sharpshooters frequently got a bead, and an artilleryman would throw up his hands with a shriek and tumble in a heap.

After a rest the enemy opened again, the hills in front spouting flame, and the battery at the foot of our position vomiting death. Between the explosions, however, and they came thick and fast, we

saw the figures of men as numerous as ants swarming up the base of the hill. Our machine guns were soon angled upon them, and our rifles sent rattling volleys among them, but the explosions in our position now come so frequently that we are soon choked in clouds of dust, and battered by splinters of gun carriages and even falling sand bags. The signal now rang out to fix bayonets, and this was no sooner done than hand grenades were hurled in upon us, the explosions of which tore the heads off some of our men, the legs and arms off others, but the most sickening sight to me was that of a man not three yards away who had the fore part of his chest clean torn away, leaving his mangled lungs exposed to view. At this stage observation was cut short by a whole battalion of Japanese infantry tumbling over the parapet, followed by swarms of reserves. We sprang upon them with the steel, and a frightful conflict ensued, men fell dead in twos, often with their bayonets buried in one another's bodies. For two or three minutes nothing could be heard but shots, and impre-

cations, and shrieks, and rattling steel, and then all was over, 203 Metre Hill was taken, but after we got out—that is, all that was left of us—it was turned into a smoking volcano by the shells from our forts around, and the enemy nearly shared our fate in being ejected."

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN—AND CALL OF MR. DEVOAU AS ASSOCIATE MINISTER.

AFTER the recital of the fall of the key to Port Arthur, the speaker of the evening gave his experiences in the world's greatest battle as follows: "I arrived at Mukden long before the fight, and after the famous victorious charge of Pontiloff up the slopes of Lone Tree Hill, by which the Japanese were driven out with fearful loss, I wanted to be one of its defenders, but General Kuropatkin seemd to know all about me, and insisted that I connect myself with the force holding Yuhungtun. I was angry and thought I was going to miss the liveliest part of it, but the general knew better.

"There was a good chance to become acquainted with the men before the conflict, and I found them really fine fellows.

Some were capital marksmen, and as the enemy's outposts drew nearer amused themselves by sniping the men in the advanced pits, and many a Jap whose head only was visible did we see lifted out of his hole with his brains oozing out of a bullet perforation in his upper story. The time came at last, however, when 1,000,000 men confronted each other in the lines of battle, who were destined to suffer a loss in killed, wounded and prisoners within three weeks of 250,000 men, or just one-fourth of the entire number. Although the battle proper lasted about nine days, what with preliminaries and the rear-guard action which followed, it might be safe to add ten more. The struggle was fearful, and nobody was so much master of the situation as our commander-in-chief, who knew from the beginning where the blow would fall.

"General Rennenkampf, the Cossack chief, had with his staff traversed the entire one hundred miles of front and had handed in his report to his superior. The plan of Marshal Oyama was to outflank our army and cut off its retreat, and after

surrounding it pound it until it capitulated, but in Kuropatkin he had met a man so able in strategy that he could easily outgeneral him and bring his plans to naught. When the eleven-inch shells which had wrought such destruction at the port began to fall it soon became evident that the works on which had been expended the labor of months and the skill of the best engineers were going to dust. In spite of the fact, however, that we were outclassed in numbers and heavy artillery our men put up a terrible fight. After a fearful pounding with all kinds of guns, one day the enemy in overwhelming force came upon us with the bayonet, and after a hand-to-hand struggle, without parallel we believe, in which the ground was piled with the slain, we were forced out and our works taken. During the awful struggle which cost us our position, I was struck in the side by the steel of a Jap, which cut a groove between two of my ribs, but although I was not seriously hurt I recognized the fact that one inch more, or possibly half of that, and to night instead of talking to

you I would have been in a nameless grave on Manchuria's plains, with my warrior shroud for a winding sheet, until the earth would give up its dead.

"It is a remarkable fact that although people said, with the advent of modern repeating arms and machine guns, that bayonet charges were no longer possible, as such rushes in force would spell annihilation, yet there never was a battle in all history where so many charges were made and in which cold steel crossed so often as at Mukden.

"Word now came to us that our army had taken the offensive in the centre, and was forcing the enemy back, and encouraged by this we determined to retake our lost position. As we were forming for the attack the divisional commander came along, and noticing the shortage of officers, said to the colonel of our regiment: 'Take the most experienced men from the ranks and put them in charge of sections and companies.' Although this was said in Russian, I had now picked up enough of the language to understand it. The colonel did not like the advice and said:

'General, this is contrary to custom; you know we need to safeguard these positions by the use of a little red tape.' The general became furious and said: 'Red tape to ——! It has been the curse of the army in the past, and it will curse any army, and at best bring nothing but humiliation. What we want is merit, which practically means experience and courage with a large amount of intelligence thrown in.' It was now evident to the colonel that he must obey his superior officer, and he came over to me and said: 'Devoau, I want you to take No. 5 Company, as its officers are all dead or wounded.' I set my teeth and obeyed, believing that I myself would soon be as they. All was soon ready and the order was given, 'Forward, steady under cover.' When we reached the open or fire zone two whistles pierced the air—one to deploy in loose order and the other to double. We now swept forward, the enemy's batteries opening upon us. The men of my company went down, sometimes one and sometimes three or four in a heap at a time. As we reached our old

position I was perfectly furious because of our losses, and though I had never sworn in my life before I yelled between my clenched teeth, 'Give them *hell*, boys!' Just as we were tumbling in upon them our colonel, who was braver and better than any of us, was shot through the brain and instantly killed. Even though the colonel was killed and whole companies had gone down in that awful rush, the Japanese might as well have tried to stem Niagara's torrent as to beat back our infuriated men, and all that was left of them got out faster than they had charged in. The night within the village was one that would never fade from memory. The streets were strewn with broken rifles, twisted sabres and bayonets, dismounted guns, broken gun carriages and dead men, some of whom still clutched each other in the grip of death. I was now ordered, though I felt unequal to the task or honor, to take temporary command of our decimated regiment.

"In trying to hold on to our old position we had to withstand some terrible bayonet rushes on the part of the enemy

in efforts to retake it, and our regiment, which entered the battle with 2,450 men, had just 585 left to respond to the order to retire. Another regiment lost 1,100 men. The place assigned us in this most orderly retreat was in the rear-guard, and just as we took our places our brigade commander was decapitated by the explosion of a pom-pom shell, and I was ordered to hand over my regiment to a major and take charge of the brigade.

"We had an awful time during the retreat, but every onrush was stemmed, and at each repulse of the foe our men, with bayonets dripping red, cheered to the echo.

"The war was now practically over, and although every man of ours had two foemen opposed to him, the Japs had a narrow escape from defeat; nothing but the accident of a duststorm averting it, by enabling them in the darkness thereof to break the lines of General Linevitch when his men could not see a yard ahead of them.

"When we reached headquarters I, having nothing but a temporary connec-

tion with the Russian army, went to my chief and tendered him my uniform and arms, telling him, as there was not likely to be any more fighting, I would return to Canada. He, however, refused to take anything, saying that as a mark of honor and appreciation I must retain them, and after saying 'Good-bye' to my battle-scarred comrades I went to the station to entrain for the coast, and as it steamed out a crowd of officers and men waved their caps and handkerchiefs, shouting, 'Canada for ever; long live Canada and the Canadians!' I felt I did not do much for them—any one, perhaps, would have done better—but I had done my little best, and they had trusted and honored me. I like the Russians; they are good fellows, and are greatly slandered in the West. They have a moral code, and with some exceptions, they live up to it, and any nation that crosses arms with them will pay a heavy toll.

"In closing, I presume you would like to know more fully my opinion of war, and in giving it I will say that if you murder a man by shooting or stabbing

him you are merciful, but if you kill him by exploding an eleven-inch shell, in many cases he will be torn to fragments and his dismembered body scattered over an acre of ground. In other instances that I have seen at Mukden and 203 Metre Hill, men have been mortally wounded and left an unrecognizable mass of flesh and blood, which for days heaved with anguish and life, while others, after hours and sometimes days of agony, died with broken bayonets protruding from their backs, having entered as gallant breasts as ever swelled with breath and life.

"I have forsworn war for ever, after the dreadful scenes which I have witnessed, and there were scenes which I did not witness, in far-off Russia and Japan, which were infinitely more appalling, where was seen the dreary sobbing of broken-hearted widowhood and the piteous wailing of hungry, fatherless children. Added to this was the pale-faced sorrow of sisters bereft of brothers and sweethearts, who had lost those who would have been nearer than brothers, and who now with broken hearts ceased to live and

began only to exist in hopeless despair. The Russians met in their foes armies trained after the pattern of the German military system, and none of us ever again desire to cross weapons with men trained as those are, who have learned from that land of advanced scholarship and military superiority. The Japanese were foemen worthy of their steel, but instead of their arms being dishonored fresh lustre was shed upon them."

At the close of his address Mr. Devoau was applauded to the echo, after adding as a rider that in his denunciation of war he would, of course, make an exception of defensive operations.

The next Sabbath in the morning service Mr. Melvin started the tabernacle congregation by announcing that as he would soon reach the retiring line, and as the immense congregation, with its many needs, overtaxed his strength, he had long thought of an associate who, when he retired, would take full charge. Continuing, he said: "I have spoken to Mr. Devoau and asked him if he would not abandon the thought of a life so selfish

as that of making himself one of the foremost iron founders in Canada and join me in the work of preaching and teaching. His answer has been favorable, if it is the will of the people, and he has further said that if it is their will he will accept it as the Master's will."

A meeting of the officers of the church was called for Tuesday evening, when the matter was discussed, and Mr. Devoan's profession of faith heard, when he told them that he was of French-Canadian parentage and could not subscribe to every technicality. His frankness and fearlessness won every heart, a vote was taken, and he was unanimously called to be associate pastor of Mount Zion.

CHAPTER VI.

FURTHER TEACHINGS AND HOW THEY ARE ESTIMATED.

After his ordination the new preacher took his place in the pulpit once every Sunday, and being now a close student of theology as well as of other subjects, he soon became an eloquent and powerful speaker, and the entire congregation was delighted with him. The last Sunday of the national year, Mr. Melvin announced a sermon on "The Ideal Relationship of Capital and Labor," prompted by the recent trouble at the foundry between employers and their hands. The preacher of the day said: "Beware of so-called socialism, for it trenches very closely on the borderland of anarchism, and after having listened to lectures and sermons an hour long and read many books upon that much-abused topic, I am constrained to turn to the teaching of the Man of

Nazareth, and find in that teaching something more rational and common-sense than elsewhere. In the first place our Saviour recognized property rights when he said, 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's.' This doctrine is for the workingman as well as for his employer, and enables both to procure homes for themselves and hold them in their own right.

"We cannot fail to recognize the fatherhood of God, and if so then we must recognize the brotherhood of man, for all men truly should be such. If you and I have come to that point where we regard every man as our brother, on the authority of Jesus Christ, the social problem will be solved, and the capitalist will regard and treat the man who toils for him as the son of his Father God, and the toiler will regard the employer as not only his brother, but co-heir with himself to an incorruptible inheritance. Much depends, brethren, on the exercise of that charity which translates love. Love one another and you will use one another aright. As

Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, and there was life as the wounded Israelites looked upon it so there is life in a look at the crucified One, and there is more than that, there is adjustment of relationships between husband and wife, between pastor and people, between citizens and their chief magistrate, between capital and labor. I can do no better than lift my hand toward the sky and utter that little classic, '*Ecce Homo*,' and He is the Man of Sorrow."

The senior pastor's sermon had a marvellous effect upon the people, and it was said that the iron workers' difficulty was soon settled on the Christ principle. The next Sunday being July 1st, the anniversary of Confederation, the Rev. Mr. Devoau preached a sermon in keeping with the day, and said "that the Iroquois term 'Kannatha,' which was very restricted in its meaning, and only signified a collection of wigwams or huts— a village, we might say—had become corrupted into Canada, but now stood for dominion power and nationality. The population had grown into many millions,

and the area was 3,750,000 square miles, or nearly as great as the entire continent of Europe. The mineral and coal deposits are almost inexhaustible, and the exports and imports the astonishment of the nations.

"The growth of our cities is simply wonderful. Winnipeg has doubled its population in five years; Calgary has nearly trebled the number of its citizens in the same period, while Montreal has become the New York of Canada. Truly the words of our text apply specially to us, 'He hath not dealt so with any nation, and as for his judgments we have not known them.'"

Continuing, the speaker said: "The God who has so wondrously blessed us since 1867, when a confederation of our leading provinces took place, expects us to be rational and sane, and stand for unity and consolidation of languages and creeds, that Canada may show to the world what the brotherhood of man means and that the Saviour's teaching has been put into practice upon our ocean-girt shores. A large number of our people do not know

what the term Canadian means. They will do well to remember that it takes in not only the people of old Ontario, but the people of the greater Canada beyond, with its diversity of speech and polity, and no responsible person would say or do anything that would not tend to weld together the different doctrines and tongues. If we are true to God and each other we will one day stand in the front rank of world powers, and our fleets, not of war, but of commerce, will ride upon every sea. The battle of the Sea of Japan or Corea proved that battleships were not worth the coal that steamed them, but our mercantile marine is of priceless value, for it carries our wares to every land and our commerce into the marts thereof and into every clime."

Immediately upon the close of the sermon, Mr. Melvin, who had occupied a seat upon the platform, arose and said, "This is the best sermon to which I have ever listened; it is truly the teaching of a man who is saner and wiser than his fellows." Upon the utterance of these words the vast audience broke into thunders of ap-

plause, evidencing the fact that it was the sentiment of all.

As the summer advanced, Mr. Devoau invited Mr. Melvin to take a trip to Ottawa with him, as he was going to visit his parents for a day. The invitation was accepted, and these two kindred spirits started off on an early train for Canada's beautiful capital, where they were met by Mr. Devoau, senior, who heartily welcomed the friend and colleague of his son. As they walked toward the home of the Devoau family, whom should they meet but the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada, who was out for a stroll, and with whom the elder Devoau was well acquainted. Both preachers were at once introduced to the Premier, who was very gracious and genial. Mr. Devoau said they were having a day's recreation after their recent teachings. Sir Wilfrid said: "I will not ask what those teachings were, as I am sure they were all right." Mr. Melvin said: "They were not exactly like those of the Scotchman, who was asked if his health was good, and he said,

'I am no verry weel the day, for last nicht I was teaching the bairnies doon at the hall hoo to vote.'" Said he, "We are not exactly teaching people how to vote, but we are trying to pound sin out of them." The Premier then made the hit of the day when he said, "Get all the sin out of them and they will vote right."

After a splendid day, during which they visited the noble pile on Parliament Hill and had a sail in a steam launch on the majestic river, the pastors of the tabernacle returned to Carsville, where at the Young People's meeting the senior minister related their experiences while in Canada's beauty spot, as the capital city might be called. He told of meeting the Premier and of his friendliness and geniality. "This country," said he, "has had gentlemen in that position, and it has had statesmen for prime ministers, but it never so strikingly combined the two great qualities as in the person of him whose name will be engraven with a surpassing lustre upon the bead-roll of the nation, and the name will be that of the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier."

Mr. Melvin, who did not feel quite so strong recently, thought of seeking a much-needed rest in retirement for a time at least, now that his colleague was immensely popular, and could now handle the entire congregation, though it never was so large. However, just as he was preparing for this move an invitation came to him to enter upon higher educational work, which he at once accepted, saying that he would still preach and teach, and would really have a larger field in which to do good, and the change of air and scene would be as good as a rest.

The people of Carsville expressed much regret at the departure of one who was known as an admirable citizen as well as an able and effective minister. Mr. Melvin, however, always told them that he was leaving with them a man after his own heart.

Before the day of his leave-taking a farewell banquet was tendered him, at which were appreciative after-dinner speeches, the chair being occupied by

Rev. Mr. Devoau, informally. Abraham Thompson, Esq., senior member of the Board, when called upon, said: "I am grieved at the departure of one who has been everything that I could wish—broad-minded, sympathetic, and scholarly—one in whom all could alike trust, ever finding in him a wise counsellor and a safe guide; a man of splendid mental balance, of unusual wisdom. To say that I endorse his teachings is not enough; I heartily endorse all of it, and pray that the Great Head of the Church will bless and keep our mutual friend, together with his much appreciated partner, unto their journey's end."

The next called upon was Thomas Edwards, the leading merchant in the place. He was shrewd in business and a keen discerner of men. He said: "Though I am not on the same side of politics as Mr. Melvin, yet in the main I think his teachings are sound and the product of a sane mind. Personally, I have learned to respect him. I will, like one who has preceded me, go farther and say I have learned to love him, and wish

him and his godspeed in a ministry which has been a blessing to my whole house."

The next official was Edmund Garvin, general manager of the foundry, and a man of intense perception. Said he: "I have noticed that our worthy senior pastor, whose removal I deeply regret, always stood for unification in the home and independence, and not only there, but in the church and nation, and I may say his sentiment is mine. I, like him, am no hanger-on—only poltroons are that—and no man in his right senses would be anything but a brother to all the races and creeds in our country, and in all his utterances our clerical friend has proven himself not only wise as a serpent, but also a true Christ man. I wish him and his amiable wife great happiness and success in future life."

The chairman now saw that as the time was getting late they must close, and said in a few closing words that his colleague had endeared himself to him, and had done more for him than he could ever repay. "I, like yourselves, regret his

departure, but feel that he is going into a field of great usefulness, and he doubted not that he would be happy and prosperous."

Shortly after Rev. Mr. Melvin's departure old Uncle Reynolds, as he was called, was struck by a pilot engine at the station, and so seriously injured that he was taken home in the ambulance. He was the most saintly man in the tabernacle, and Rev. Mr. Devoau, now in full charge, was sent for. His practiced eye at once told him that the old man's hour had almost come. Stooping down he said, "Uncle, how is it with your soul?" and opening his weary eyes the aged veteran said, "It is well; it is well." Talking for a moment or two with his pastor he said: "Our dear Bro. Melvin is gone from us, but, oh, how precious are his teachings! As the result of them my feet are on the Rock of Ages—the rock of Christ—and I have long since found out that 'all other ground,' as the sacred bard says, 'is sinking sand.'"

Coming back late in the evening Mr. Devoau said, "Uncle, is there light in the

valley?" and the dying man raised his feeble hand and blessed his pastor, and whispered to him that he had already been a blessing to many and the people loved him. Then he said: "Oh, yes, the valley is bathed in light; for He has said, 'At evening time it shall be light.'" With these words trembling upon his lips the old man swept through the gates of paradise, a ransomed soul.

Finished as was the course of this saintly man, yet the great world, as in all such cases, moved on, and with it the teaching of the new pastor of Mount Zion.

Speaking to the young people some time after this, he said: "Let there be no misunderstanding concerning what I stand for, and what we all should stand for. I am for liberty of conscience, freedom and independence, along all lines, both religious and national, even to the granting of home rule to poor, old, long-suffering Ireland, which, by all means, it should have, and is justly entitled to in this twentieth century.

"The question arises, How can we best

qualify ourselves for the salvation of ourselves and fellows, and the working out of our destiny along general lines? I answer, by consecrating our ransomed powers to the great Arbiter of Destinies, who stands behind all forms and systems, but ever watchful of His own."

At the conclusion of the address Mr. Henry, principal of the Public School, arose and said: "I beg that the Young People's Club will place upon record, and in letters of gold engrave and place amid the archives of the church, the admirable and fearless utterances of this evening."

Mr. Henry was followed by one who, in the educational world, stood higher than he, namely, the head master of the Collegiate Institute in Carsville, who capped everything by saying, "'Pro bono publico,' and as well as being for the public good, though I am an independent in politics, I will say that the Rev. Mr. Devoan has the faculty of always saying the right thing, and his teachings are an inestimable boon to all classes in this place."

In a few months after this the pastor of Mount Zion was honored with a degree from world-renowned Harvard, and his influence increased, and his ministry truly became one of reconciliation and power, until the ever-circling years at last brought near the Age of Gold.